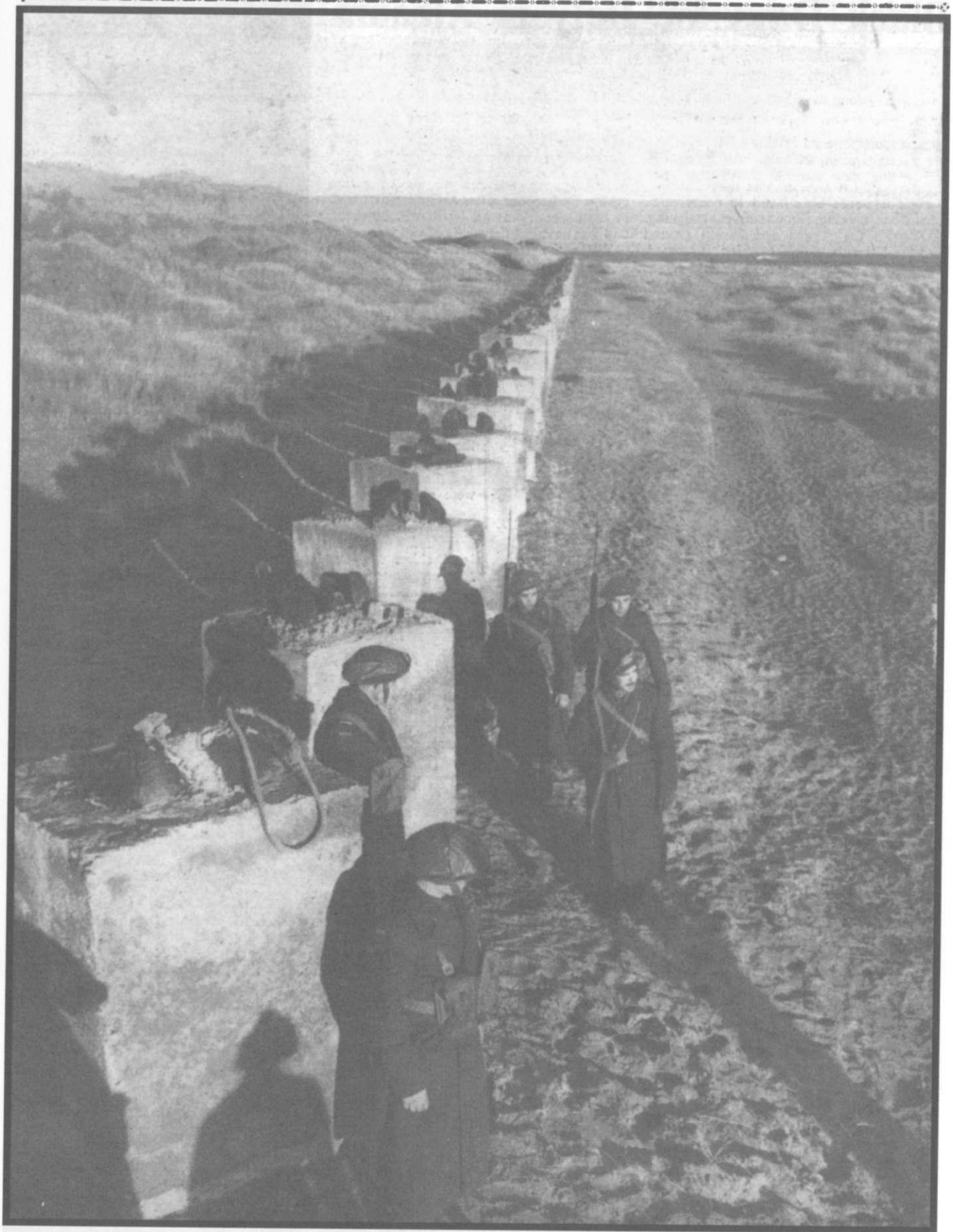


POLES MAKE SURE THAT SCOTLAND STANDS WHERE IT DID

Through the fortunes of war Poles are unable to fight the enemy in their own country, but tens of thousands of this supremely gallant nation have found their way to Britain, where they are playing a most useful part in the war against the common foe. Here we see some Polish troops who have taken over the defence of a sector of the Scottish coast in the Coastal Defence Scheme. This is one of the few photographs of coastal defence works of which publication has been permitted.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Black Days for Italy in Albania

The second month of the Greco-Italian war began with a further series of Italian reverses as encouraging to the Allies as humiliating to the bullies of the Axis. As is told below, the Italians were in full retreat along the whole front, and their plight was emphasized by a host of changes in the High Command.

DECEMBER opened blackly enough for the Italians in Albania. All along the line they were in full retreat, but particularly in the south. Never for a moment did the Greeks relax their pressure, though it would be difficult to conceive of conditions making for harder campaigning, what with the rugged and barren ground and the bitter weather. Nothing, it seemed, could stop that gallant little army which the Italians had been taught to despise.

The black arrows on this map show the steady Greek drive into Albania; shaded portions indicate territory occupied by the Greek forces up to the beginning of December. At that time the Italian fortified line roughly stretched from Elbasan to Tepeleni, while in the Pogradets sector the Greeks held a strong mountain line west of the town.
By courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

Town after town was evacuated by the Italians. First they abandoned Argyrokastro, their principal supply base in the south. The town had been under fire for some days before the Greek patrols entered it on December 4.

When this latest triumph was announced Athens went wild with joy. British soldiers, sailors and airmen danced a Highland fling on the stage at a theatre; the church bells crashed out and the sirens from ships in the Piraeus joined in the joyous tumult; and King George and General Metaxas, together with British officers, appeared on the balcony of the palace.

The Greeks wasted no time in occupying Argyrokastro, but pushed on along the road towards Tepeleni, methodically clearing the Italians from the positions which they had taken up in the hills on either side. As they retreated, the Italians were bombed along the road by the Greek Air Force and the R.A.F., and Tepeleni itself was heavily "plastered."

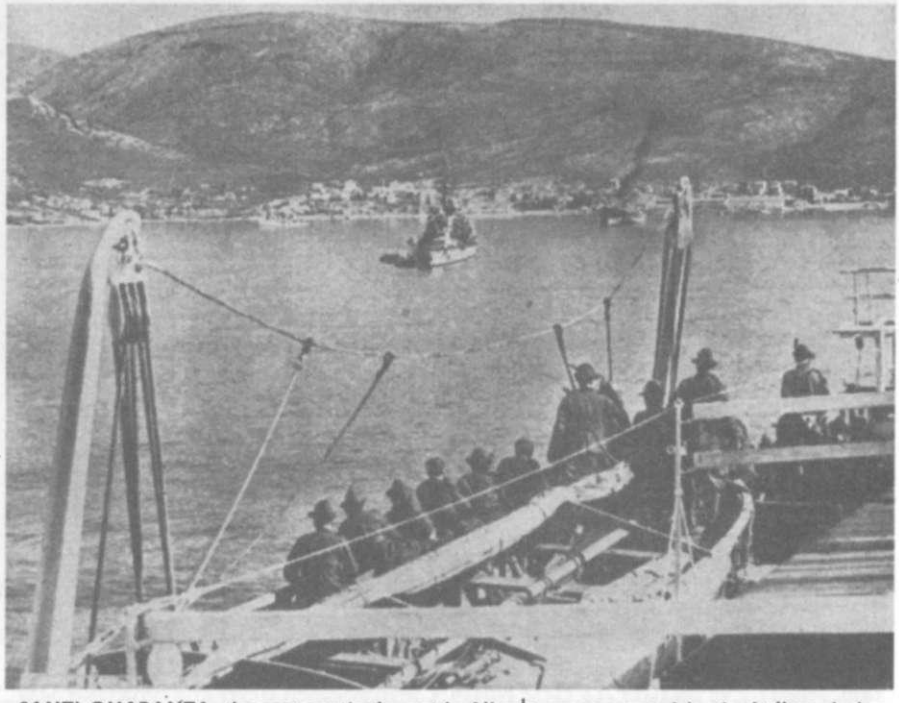
About the same time the Italians were driven out of Premeti, some 20 miles across the mountains from Argyrokastro, and on December 5 they suffered a far worse blow when the Greeks entered in triumph the port of Santi Quaranta—which the Italians had renamed Port Edda, in honour of Mussolini's daughter, Count Ciano's spouse. Santi Quaranta ranks after Valona and Durazzo in importance, but since the war began it had been used extensively as a base for the troops operating in the Argyrokastro sector. Operating along the coast road and across the hills from the east, the Greeks bombarded the Italians in front of the town, while at the same time their warships were reported to be in action against the harbour forts. An Italian destroyer in the harbour was hit by R.A.F. bombers, and was amongst the spoils of victory.

While the Italians were suffering these reverses in the south, their retreat continued in the north. Their withdrawal from Pogradets was reported to be skilful, but all along the way to Elbasan they were harried by the 'planes of the R.A.F., while the roads and mountain tracks they had to follow were knee-deep in mud and snow. Then they were also exposed to attacks by bands of Albanian guerillas, organized and led by local chiefs who had been amongst the supporters of King Zog.

Meanwhile, the Italian Air Arm continued its terroristic raids against the Greek civilian population. During the first month of the war, it was officially announced by Athens radio, 604 people were killed and 1,070 wounded in Italian air raids on undefended towns and villages in Greece. Corfu was the chief sufferer. "This beautiful old place," the announcer said, "has been severely damaged for no other reason than that here Fascist vandalism can be carried out in comparative safety as the island is barely an hour's flight from Sicily. As for the famous fortifications in Corfu, about which we hear so much from the Italians, these were installed 500 years ago, and now serve only to give protection to hundreds of homeless people, huddled in their vaults."

So the war went on, and every day that passed saw the Italians being driven ever nearer to the sea. The Greek Army did, indeed, make a magnificent showing. "Surely this Greek Army today," said Mr. Leland Stowe, the "Daily Telegraph's" Special Correspondent with the Greek Army, "is just about the highest-spirited army in the world. Regardless of mud, rain and snow, regardless of hundreds of gorges, precipices and snow-covered peaks which must be conquered, day after day they march on." Their appearance, he discovered, was

MARSHAL PIETRO BADOGLIO, Duke of Addis Ababa, was relieved on Dec. 6, "at his own request," of the position of Chief of the Italian General Staff which he had held since 1925. *Photo, Keystone*



SANTI QUARANTA, the most southerly port in Albania, was evacuated by the Italians during the first week in December. This photograph of the little port was taken in April, 1939, when, after the Italian occupation of Albania, troops were embarked from Santi Quaranta to be sent farther south to threaten the Greek frontier. *Photo, Wide World*

The Greeks Have a Word for 'Thumbs Up!'

A BRITISH MECHANIZED UNIT in a Greek town on its way to the front has pulled up by the roadside to get the latest news from a Greek soldier in his traditional uniform. The self-consciousness that a British tourist feels in trying to speak a foreign language does not affect the British soldier. Judging by the smiles the answer is "thumbs up!"

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Comrades-in-Arms on the Field of Glory

GREECE'S CHEERY SOLDIERS are never happier than when they line up to receive the mugs of tea from their British comrades before joining such a tea party as that seen in the photograph in page 619. They have appreciated British additions to their rations almost as much as British military aid. The improvised stone fireplaces, on which their British comrades-in-arms make a strong brew, are the work of the Army cooks.

entirely deceptive, for they are little fellows, not averaging much more than 5 ft. 5 in. in height, and most of them look as if their uniforms are one or two sizes too big for them. To hear their animated chatter one might suspect them almost incapable of a well-organized effort. Yet, in fact, these "iron-muscled, warm-hearted men, these humble, unassuming sons of Greece," are extraordinarily efficient. "After a night of forced marches," continued the famous American journalist, "over killing mountain roads, it is a common thing for Greek soldiers to shout and cheer as you pass them. Plugging slowly along through rain on mule-back, Greeks will yell 'macaronis,' and gesticulate eloquently to indicate what they will do to the Italians when they catch up with them. Their gestures are masterpieces of mimicry, and are always accompanied by diabolical but good-natured grins."

Only a few weeks before, Greece had been despised by her powerful enemy across the Adriatic; now she was feared, and that fear had its repercussions in the Italian High Command. Marshal Badoglio was the first to go—retired "at his own request" on December 6; he was followed within a day or two by General de Vecchi, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Dodecanese Islands, who apparently despaired of holding out in an impossible situation. Then, on December 8 it was reported from Rome that Admiral Cavagnari, Chief of Naval Staff, Vice-Admiral Somigli, the Deputy Chief, and Vice-Admiral Bacci, C.-in-C. of the Fleet, had all been superseded. Finally, there were reports in Cairo that Graziani, too, had asked to be relieved of his command.

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, the British Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, was responsible for the prompt aid sent to the Greeks when they appealed for help against the Italian invaders. Towards the end of November he arrived in Greece, and is here seen, centre, soon after landing from the flying-boat in which he made the journey, inspecting emplacements for anti-aircraft guns. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Captains of a Greece Reborn to Greatness

King George, Premier Metaxas and General Papagos are Greece's leaders in her fight with Italy—that fight which began with an altogether unprovoked invasion of Greece, but soon developed into a struggle for the possession of Albania. Here we give biographies-in-little of the Greek "Big Three."

TWICE has King George II ascended the throne of Greece. The first time was in 1922, when he succeeded his father Constantine; the second was in 1935, when he returned after twelve years of exile, during which Greece had been a republic.

King George of the Hellenes (to give him his proper style) is a man of fifty. He has no queen, for his wife Elizabeth, elder daughter of the late King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania, obtained a divorce some months before his re-accession to the throne. The Crown Prince, or Diadoch, as the Greeks style him, is the King's brother, Prince Paul. Their sister, Princess Helen, is the former wife of King Carol, who abdicated the Rumanian throne last September. The Duchess of Kent is their first cousin.

During his enforced absence from Greece King George spent much time in England; his headquarters in London was Brown's Hotel in Dover Street. He came to know England well, and to like English people and English things and ways of life—so much so, indeed, that they gave point to Mussolini's gibe that Greece's sovereign is in effect an Englishman. But first and foremost he is a lover of his own country, and throughout his reign he has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the reconstruction of the national finances and economic system, which were so sorely tried by the many wars in which Greece has been engaged since 1912.

'Only One Metaxas in Greece'

Greece's Prime Minister is General John Metaxas, who was born in 1871 in the island of Ithaca. After serving as a lieutenant on the General Staff during the war with Turkey of 1897, he spent several years at the War Academy in Berlin, where he created an excellent impression. The story runs that he was offered a position in the German Army, but he refused it. "There are many Metaxas in Germany," he is reported to have said, "but there is only one in Greece." In 1913 he became Chief of the Greek General Staff, but early in the Great War he resigned when his plan for the forcing of the Dardanelles by the Greeks was rejected by the British High Command. In 1916 he fell foul of the Allies, and was forced to leave Greece. On his return a few years later he was placed on the retired list, and then embarked on what was to prove a stormy career as a politician. Once he was banished, several times he was a minister; then, as the head of the Union Royalist Party, he favoured the restoration of the monarchy, and after George's return became Minister of War, and in April 1936 Prime Minister. From January 1938 he has been practically dictator, ruling with what some people would call a firm hand, and others, who have suffered from it, a rod of iron. All political parties have been abolished, and most of the leaders of the Opposition have been banished or imprisoned. All this has appeared rather shocking to those worthy democrats who believe that every country would do well to copy the Parliamentary institutions of Britain, forgetting that in this country the soil has been prepared by many centuries of gradually-increasing popular participation in the government. Greece is a poor country, economically backward and politically immature; and only those who have lived in Athens and have seen for themselves the excesses of which an unbridled press and unscrupulous politicians are capable, are in a fit position to judge the achievements of Metaxas' regime.

GENERAL JOHN METAXAS—soldier first, then politician—in appearance rather suggests the latter, but his military abilities found plentiful scope in framing the plans for the defence of his country against Italy.
Photo, Mondiale

When King George II of the Hellenes returned to Athens in 1935 to re-ascend the throne, he declared that he would restore to Greece "happiness and glory." He is seen here with Admiral Sakellariou on board a Greek man-o'-war.
Photo, Sport & General

GENERAL PAPAGOS, now Commander-in Chief of the Greek Army, is seen above on his arrival in London on November 9, 1935 to invite King George to return fto Greece. He was at that time War Minister.
Photo Wide World

In the light of Greece's amazing stand against the Italian aggressor, there can be little doubt that the Greek people have profited largely by the stern disciplining to which they have been subjected by their little, but plump and sturdy, dictator.

Papagos the C.-in-C.

While Metaxas rules the home front, and perhaps frames the strategy which is proving so successful in the mountains of the Balkans, the Greek Army in the field is commanded by Lt.-Gen. Alexander Papagos. Born in 1886, Papagos went to the Ecole de Guerre in Paris to finish his military education, and he may have profited from Foch's lectures there. In the Balkan Wars he served in the cavalry, and rose to the command of a brigade.

When the Greeks invaded Asia Minor in 1921 he was well to the front, but, unlike King Constantine, he knew when to stop. His advice was overruled and in the end the Turks chased the Greeks into the sea. Through the years of the Republic Papagos remained a royalist, and it was he who, in 1935, came to London to invite Prince George to return to his distracted country. Under Metaxas he devoted himself to the rebuilding of the Greek Army, and he was responsible for the supervision of the fortifications in the north to which the name of the Metaxas Line is generally given.

When the present war broke out Papagos was given the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Forces, and his first Order of the Day breathes the very spirit of confidence. "We will write new and glorious pages in our history," he said. "We will fight to the last breath."

Albania: Land of the Men of the Eagle

One of the most picturesque countries of Europe—if also one of the most remote from the main stream of modern life—Albania is now the battlefield on which Greek and Italian are struggling for the mastery. Here is an account of the little country and of its people, who ere long may once again enjoy their independence.

WE call it Albania ; the Albanians call it Shquiperia. It is a small country, only some ten thousand square miles in area—not very much bigger than Wales—and it holds a population of only a million or so, not so many as live in Birmingham. It is not surprising that it is so sparsely peopled, for nearly the whole of the little land is covered by outlying ranges of the Balkan mountain mass. For the most part its surface is bleak and barren, and its soil, save in a few favoured regions, is infertile.

Like country, like people. The Albanians (Shquipetars, they call themselves—" Sons of the Eagle ") are of pure Aryan stock, and for many centuries they have been renowned as warlike mountaineers, possessors of an untamed and untamable spirit. In the remote villages local chieftains have held and still hold sway, and the blood feud, or vendetta, is still approved by public opinion and is still much too often carried into practice. The Albanians have all the barbaric virtues ; their word is their bond, and they would rather die than violate the duties of hospitality. Yet they are inclined to look on theft as a very minor peccadillo, and even murder is countenanced and not considered a crime if it be committed in revenge or in satisfaction for some slight which can be wiped out only in blood.

King Zog of Albania is here seen at his desk after he was driven into exile by the Italian invasion of his country in April, 1939. As Ahmed Beg Zogu he became President of the Albanian Republic in 1925 and was proclaimed King on September 1, 1928. *Photo, Associated Press*

Of the million Albanians, about seven in every ten are Moslems, while three are Christians—two members of the Orthodox Church, and one a Roman Catholic. The differences of creed, however, are hardly reflected in everyday life, and in actual practice there is very little to distinguish the Moslem from his Christian brother. The Moslems go to their mosques and the Christians to their churches, but the Moslems, like the Christians, have as a rule only one wife apiece, and not all the Moslem women go veiled. The people as a whole are divided into Ghegs in the north and Tosks in the south, the dividing line being the River Shkumbi, on which Elbasan stands. It may be added that there are tens of thousands of Albanians outside Albania ; there are many in Macedonia and in Greek Epirus, and just as the finest soldiers of the Turkish Sultan were Albanians, so today the Greek Evzones, corresponding to our Brigade of Guards, are largely Albanian in their racial origin.

Albania is primarily an agricultural and pastoral country, but its farming is carried on in the most primitive fashion. The farmers merely scratch the surface with their hoes or with wooden ploughs drawn by oxen, and the shepherds find it advisable to carry a gun to keep off the robbers. There are vast tracks of forest land, and other extensive areas which are altogether uncultivated ; in the interior are the large estates of the Moslem beys. Cattle-breeding is carried on, and every little farmer has his pigs—at least, every Christian farmer, for to the Moslem swine are taboo. In some places there are vineyards, and in many more there are primitive distilleries for the production of brandy from various fruits. Like most peasants, the Albanian loves to indulge in a good drinking bout now and again.

The villages are generally isolated, and as often as not the only man who can read or write is the priest. Village is linked to village by tracks which are seldom deserving of the name of roads. There are no railways in Albania, and the only motor road is that

The market-place in a small town in Albania presents an animated scene when the peasants come in to sell their produce. More than half of the people of Albania are Mahomedans; in the Moslem areas the men still wear the fez and until a few years ago the women were veiled.

Photo, Dorien Leigh

TIRANA, the capital of Albania, is a town of small population and, like the other towns of the country, it is primitive in comparison with most European cities. Right is the Main Square with the mosque in the background. Tirana has been the capital only since 1921, Durazzo having formerly been the seat of Government.

Photo, Topical

The 'Conquest' Italy Is Now Fast Losing

ALBANIA for the most part is a country of steep mountains—a continuation of the Alpine range of Dalmatia. In the south there is fertile country in the river valleys, with grazing land on the slopes. The coast is marked by rocky headlands, swamps and lagoons. This mountain valley, with maize growing in the foreground, well illustrates the sort of landscape against which the Greeks are scoring their successes. *Photo, Dorien Leigh*

which runs from Durazzo to Elbasan and the Italians have extended to Koritza, and perhaps the Turkish military highway running from Santi Quaranta to Argyrokastro and then across the frontier to Janina in Greece.

On the coast and in the valleys where the hills broaden out to form little basins are a number of small towns. The capital is Tirana, set well inland in an arm of the coastal plain and so comparatively immune from attack from the sea. It is in the centre of a Moslem district, and its rather ramshackle architecture has a suggestion of the East. Its population has been put as high as thirty thousand, but it is sometimes claimed that both Scutari, in the far north (almost in Yugoslavia), and Koritza, reputed to be the finest town in the country, which was captured by the Greeks on November 22, 1940, are more populous. The principal ports are Valona (10,000) and Durazzo (9,000), both of which have been severely hammered by 'planes of the R.A.F. since the war began. Two other places whose names are frequently mentioned nowadays are Elbasan (14,000) and Argyrokastro, or Gjinokaster as the Albanians call it (11,000).

One of the most backward countries in Europe, Albania is believed to possess considerable mineral wealth. There are salt pits at Valona, and bitumen and asphalt are also extracted near by. Coal and iron have been located, and there is a small oilfield in the Devoli valley; the concession is owned by an Italian company, the Azienda Italiana Petroli Albania (A.I.P.A.). This, it may be remarked, is Mussolini's only oilfield.

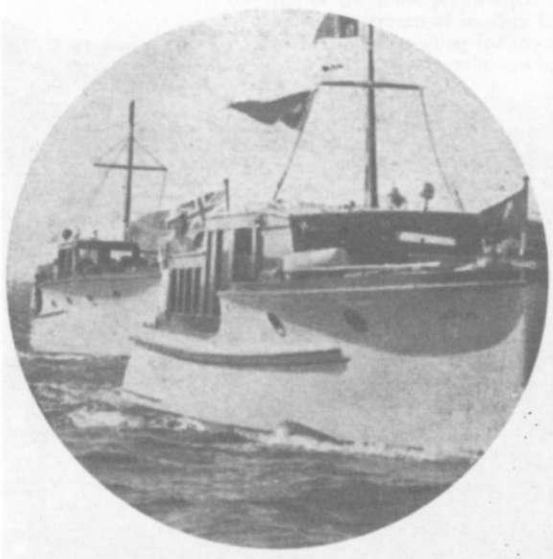
Mussolini's—for since 1939 Albania has been part of the dominions of the Italian King-Emperor. For many hundreds of years Albania belonged to Turkey, but on November 28, 1912 her independence was proclaimed at Valona. For a few months in 1914 she had a ruler, Prince William of Wied, but on the outbreak of the Great War the Prince went back to Germany, and shortly afterwards most of Albania was overrun by the Austrians. Her independence was proclaimed afresh in 1917, and by 1920 it had been recognized by the Great Powers. In 1925 a Republic was set up with Ahmed Beg Zogu, a Moslem and hereditary chief of the Mati clan, as president, and three years later the president was proclaimed king as Zog I.

Zog made vigorous but not altogether successful efforts to modernize his country in the space of a few years, but at least he maintained some degree of public order and did much to curb the violence of the vendetta custom which had brought sorrow and misery to so many. He also introduced a measure of land reform, aimed at improving the condition of the poor peasants and at breaking up the estates of the bigger landowners. Something was done for education, too, and the Albanians, who under the Turks had been forbidden to use their own language, might now go to Albanian schools, several of which were for girls as well as for boys. Colleges and technical schools were established in the principal towns. Then another factor making for progress was the establishment of a really reliable force of gendarmes, with British officers under General Percy.

But these steps along the road of progress aroused much opposition among the more conservative elements in the country. There were several attempts at rebellion and assassination, and plots and arrests were the order of the day. Reforms cost money, too, and unfortunately the only country willing and eager to lend to struggling little Albania was Italy, so dangerously close. Mussolini cast his covetous eyes on the mineral wealth of the little country, but he was even more interested in its possibilities as a base for his future military operations in the Balkans. So on Good Friday, 1939, he sent his troops into Albania; Zog was driven out with little difficulty, and the country was formally incorporated into the Italian Empire.

DURAZZO, chief port of Albania, has been repeatedly subjected to intensive attack by the R.A.F. The town stands on the Adriatic, and was known to the Romans of old as Dyrrachium. This street scene in Durazzo shows primitive houses and an equally primitive electric-light standard. *Photo, Will Roness*

Australia Is Beating Her Own Fine Record



An Australian motor auxiliary cruiser of the Sydney Harbour Patrol is seen with "patients" aboard. These were "victims" of an imaginary air raid which was carried out on the great city. The ship is taking the "victims" from one side of the immense harbour to the other.

AUSTRALIA is preparing for any eventuality, and plans to increase the Army to 300,000 by the end of March 1941. The Home Defence Force will number 210,000 and the A.I.F. will be increased to 90,000. The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, stated in September that 50 patrol craft were under construction in Australian shipyards, and an extensive programme of naval construction has been carried out during the past year.

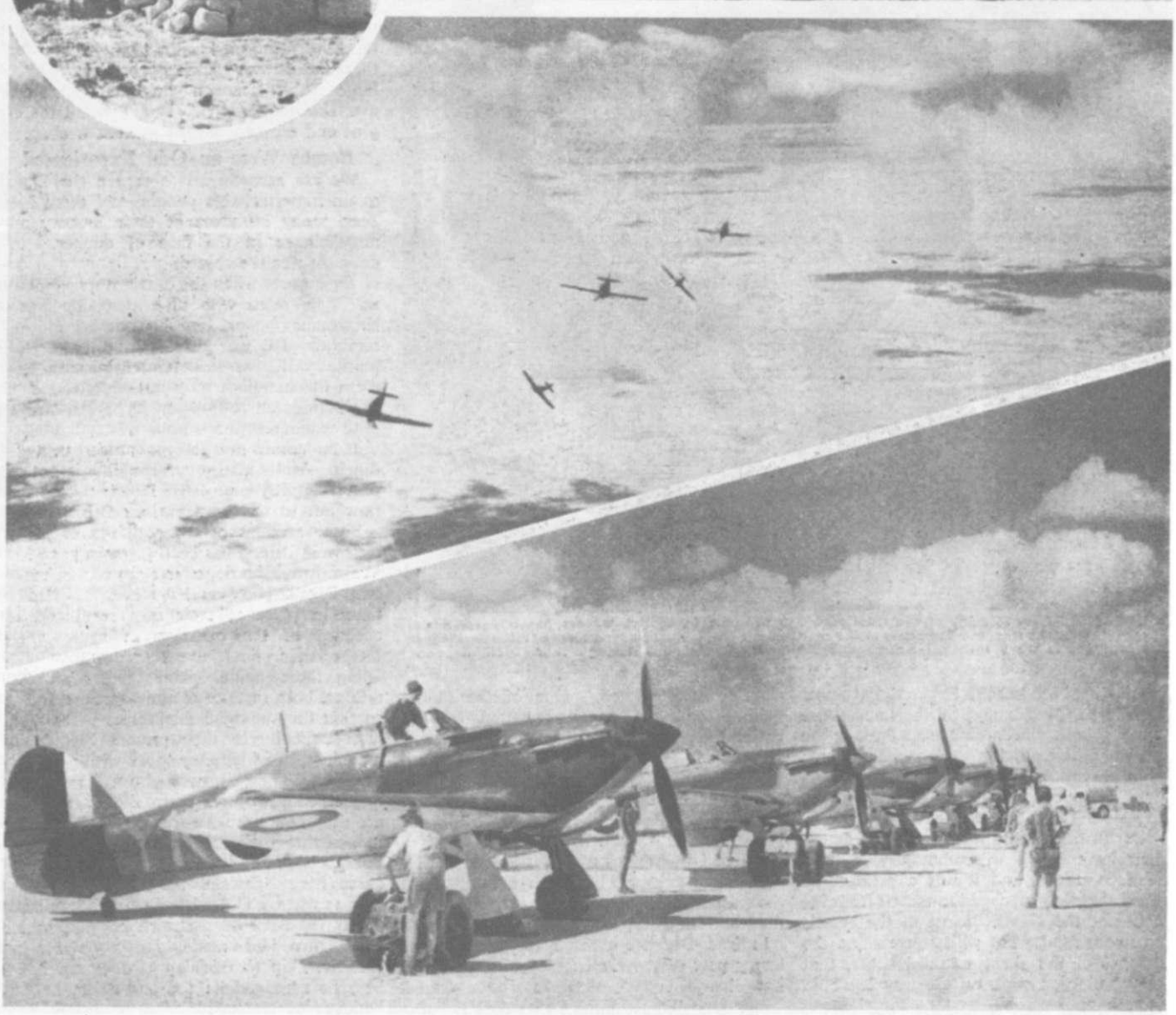
These men are shown during their intensive military course of instruction at Ingleburn, near Sydney, Australia. They are learning to operate batteries of howitzers.

AUSTRALIAN INFANTRYMEN are seen above embarking at a port "down-under" for service overseas. The factories of New South Wales are working 24 hours a day in a magnificent effort to speed up Australian wartime production; right, punching holes in steel helmets.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone and Wide World

The Long Arm of the R.A.F. Strikes Over the Desert

ITALY'S AIR FORCE lost eight 'planes in the battle of Mersa Matruh on the Egyptian coast on October 31, 1940, while another, an S 79, right, was brought down in the desert. Its crew were buried where they fell, and below a British airman places a cross made from the remains of the 'plane on the grave.



HURRICANES IN THE MIDDLE EAST have given an unpleasant surprise to Mussolini's Aeronautica Regia, which is even less able to meet them on equal terms than Hitler's Luftwaffe. Above, on an aerodrome in the Western desert pilots are making ready to take off on a patrol. In the middle photograph the patrol has received a report that enemy aircraft are approaching over the desert and has broken formation to attack them.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

When the Netherlands Navy Came to Britain

Quite a number of Allied forces are now assembled or taking shape in the British Isles. Here is an account by Henry Baerlein of one of them—the Navy and Air Force which are proud to owe allegiance to Queen Wilhelmina.

WHEN the Nazis invaded and overran Holland most of the ships comprising the Dutch Navy in home waters—cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, minelayers and submarines—managed to escape, and are now doing valuable work from certain British ports. Passenger vessels, cargo ships, pilot vessels and trawlers came over with them. Some of the trawlers have been turned into minesweepers (others continue their fishing career), while useful work is being done by all the vessels. Thus a fine Dutch liner is now not only the depot ship of her station, but houses a number of young Dutchmen who are being trained for the sea. Some of them, having been born in England, have now had to learn the language of their ancestors.

Among both officers and men there is the greatest enthusiasm for their present work; it has been so successful—many details cannot be given, of course—that they have received from time to time the congratulations of the British authorities. These Dutch sailors have much in common with their British comrades, and it was a great relief to them that they managed to escape from the clutches of the Nazis. Most of the vessels were so crowded, what with seamen and the personnel of the shore establishments, that if they had been sunk on the way it would indeed have been a disaster, but they all arrived safely.

The Dutch are an ingenious race, and their engines behaved well. A heavily laden torpedo boat suffered a very near miss from a bomb which so severely damaged the starboard engine that five months were required in a British dockyard before it was made satisfactory; nevertheless, that engine carried on during the passage to England and collapsed only while entering the harbour.

One of the cargo ships was bringing over some 1,500 German prisoners when a Nazi 'plane began to bomb it. The officer in charge caused the hatches to be thrown open so that the captives should have a sight of their friends above; he refused prisoners' requests to hoist a German flag, and disposed various machine-guns in case any funny business should be attempted. One of the sailors behind the guns was a Jew, and for the entire thirty-six hours this man declined to budge. Nothing, he said, would induce him to miss such a chance. However, his only contact with the Nazis was to assist in feeding them, and as he handed down each plate he said: "This is from a Jew."

HOLLAND'S NAVY, many of the ships of which are now in British waters, has impressed all observers with the smartness not only of the men but of the ships. This seaman of a Dutch destroyer has soon got to work with paint-pot and brush on one of the guns during a short spell in port.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

In the Dutch Navy a man is judged not by his race or colour, but by his capacity. On the passenger ship where the writer spent a few interesting days, a number of the men were of mixed Dutch and Indian descent. (The larger part of the Dutch Navy, by the way, has always been centred in the splendid Netherlands East Indies.) Like their European colleagues, most of these young men remain ordinary seamen, but if they have gone through the high school and the Naval Academy of Den Helder, and if they display the necessary qualities of character and leadership, there is nothing to prevent them from rising to any higher post.

The Dutch Navy consists of volunteers—who in peacetime are in the majority—and of conscripts; the former, after a training period of eighteen months, may remain with the colours until they retire on a pension (at the age of 45 for the men, 50 for warrant-officers, and 55 for officers). About a thousand conscripts are normally called up every year, as a rule men who in civilian life have to do with the sea as fishermen or who have been engaged in Holland's vast fleet of barges. After eighteen months of service they join the reserve. In the present war the men of fifteen years were called upon. Most of them are in Britain, where they go about their business as efficiently as a certain naval detachment which got to Ostend from the south of Holland. There a French officer provided them with a boat which had been the victim of sabotage: there was sand in the lubricating oil! For twenty-four hours these industrious Dutch worked away, with a large rusty file and a pocket-knife, the only available implements. They cleaned the engine and crossed the sea without mishap.

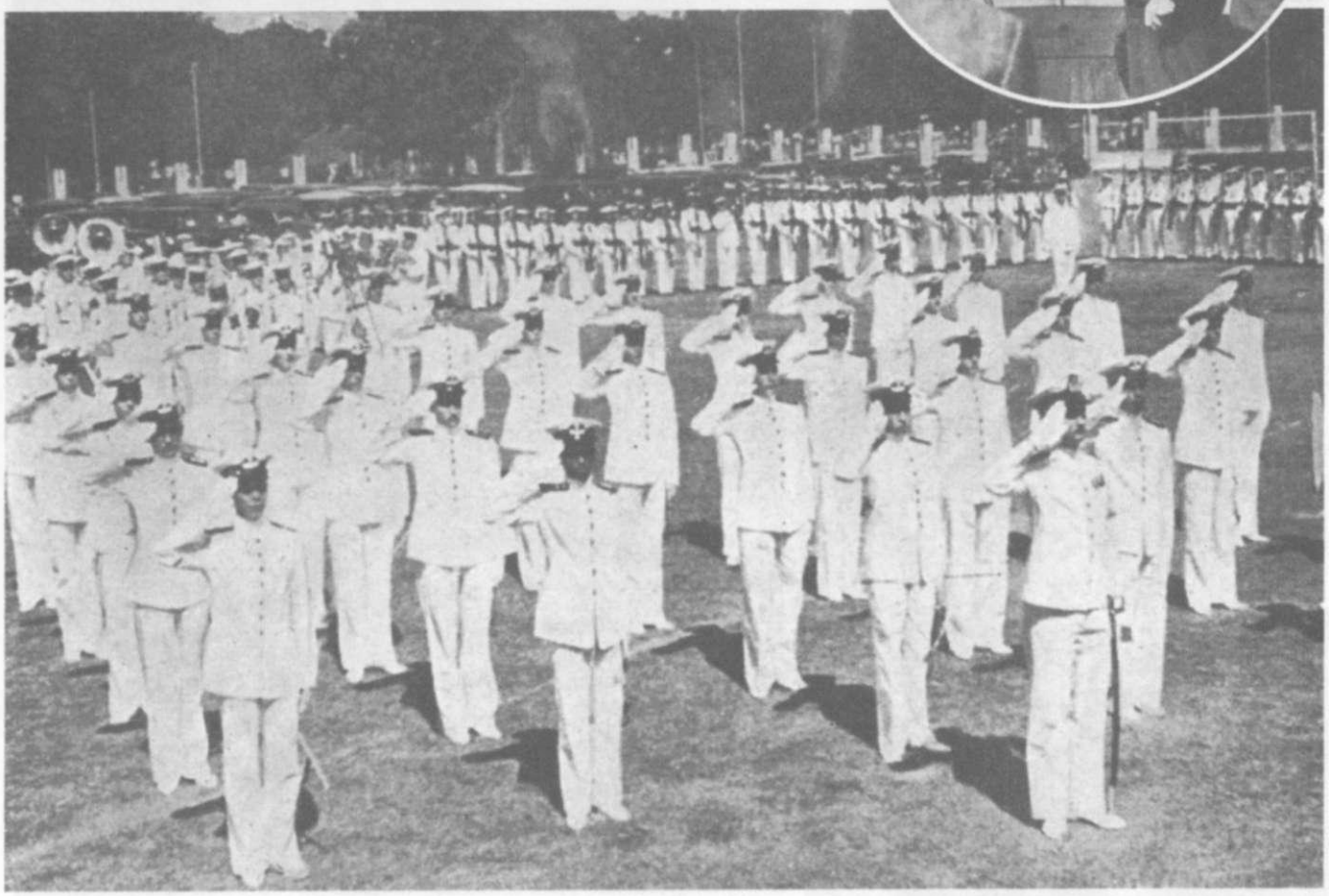
Bombs Were an Odd Experience!

We are accustomed to regard the Dutch as an imperturbable people, and there have been many instances of their bravery and nonchalance in the face of danger. An example was the case of a militiaman at one of their ports when the Nazis were bombing it. This man, who in civilian life was a lampshade-maker, had become an officer's servant. He was on his way back from market with two baskets of food suspended from the handle-bars of his bicycle. When the bombs fell round him he said it was an odd experience and one he was not used to, but he could not let his officer wait for lunch. And such imperturbability is not the only fine attribute of the Dutch sailors who now put to sea from various British ports.

Some account of the activities of Dutch airmen in Britain has been given in page 371. Various modifications have since been made, and British bombers have been allotted to them in place of their own seaplanes, on account of the question of spare parts. Netherlands pilots have been accustomed to flying three-engine 'planes under all conditions, both in Europe and the East Indies, so that they adapted themselves without the least difficulty to their present twin-engine machines, of which they speak with a glow of affection. These airmen, who will shortly be reinforced by others from the East Indies, are doing admirable work in reconnaissance, in assisting the convoys and in spotting U-boats. Now and then some amusing experiences have lightened the stern realities of war, as when a Dutch pilot made a safe landing in the dark on a stretch of sand which the Army had made dangerous for an invader. Up to this day he does not know how he managed it: for one thing, he was lucky—as fortunate as a comrade whose propeller cut away a barrage balloon—and it must also be admitted that the Army's protective work had not been quite completed.

Training to Fight for Holland's Liberation

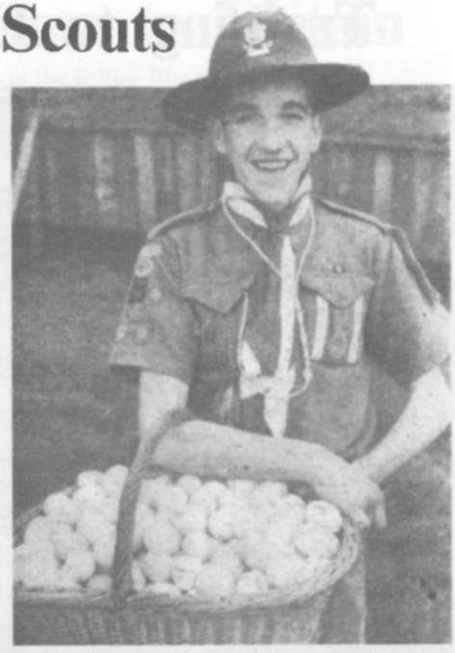
At the Dutch Naval College in England a cadet, left, is learning knotting and splicing, a necessary part of every sailor's training. Besides a few clothes the Dutch cadets brought nothing away from Den Helder except one cherished possession, the standard presented to the College by Queen Wilhelmina, proudly displayed above. Right, the Dutch Minister of Defence, Lieut.-Colonel Dyxhoorn, is taking the salute during an inspection of Dutch warships in British waters.



DUTCH CADETS of the Royal Netherlands Navy who escaped from the Naval College at Den Helder when the Germans overran Holland, are now in training, some at a country house in England, and others at a new establishment at Sourabaya in the Dutch East Indies. Soon after the cadets were installed in their new home in the East Indies there was a ceremonial parade (above) in which a number of cadets took part.

Photos, Fox, Central Press, Topical and Netherlands Press Servic

Many a Good Deed Done by the Scouts



BOY SCOUTS find abundant opportunities for service in a world at war. Top left, a messenger receiving necessary instructions from an A.R.P. official at an East London post. The 18th Rochdale Troop have turned poultry farmers (right). Chester has formed a squad of A.R.P. messengers, and local Scouts have provided a large proportion of its strength ; two of these are seen, circle, wearing gas-masks.

FIRST AID is another Scout "speciality." Left, are some Scouts who help at the Finchley Memorial Hospital. In the North of England Scouts give a hand in forestry work; these boys are chopping down a tree so as to give a clear path to the tractor.

Photos, Claude Fisher, Fox, Keystone

Courageous Coventry Goes into Action

COVENTRY was so savagely bombed by the Nazis on the night of November 14 that they gloatingly coined a word—"coventrated"—to describe it. Yet the people of the ancient Midland city, with a courage which, as the King said, is an example to the whole world, immediately set about the work of clearance and reconstruction. While the smoke was still rising from the shattered buildings, squads of Civil Defence workers, ably supported by the military, went into action with splendid effect. The photographs in this page, of street clearance, salvage of household and office effects, and demolition of a dangerous wall, were all taken when the Nazi raid was still a very recent memory. *Photos, Keystone*

The King in Southampton, One of the Places Whe Ordinary Men a

MAKING MUNITIONS and shipbuilding are the two most important war industries, and an adequate supply of workers has been one of the chief concerns of the Minister of Labour. On May 29, 1940, the Government announced a scheme for training additional workers, and this busy scene, recently photographed, is in a workshop of a Government Centre where 17,000 men are now being trained as mechanics. Among them are men of varied occupations, including barristers, solicitors, artists, journalists and day labourers. The centres are open alike to unemployed and employed men, provided the latter are not in reserved occupations. They must undertake to work on completion of their training in any part of the country to which they may be sent.

Photo, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

R.A.F. Reply to Nazi Boast of New Air War Chapter

According to the Nazis their recent heavy and indiscriminate bombing of our provincial towns began what they called "industrial warfare" and opened up a new chapter in the air war. The R.A.F., striking the enemy at his bases in France and the Low Countries, is heavily bombing aerodromes whence the raiders set out for Britain.

According to the Nazi newspapers, total war against England has only just begun—with the "stupendous bombardment of destruction" waged against Coventry, Southampton, Bristol and London. The "Nachtausgabe" says that England's southern port (Southampton) was destroyed, but it is significant that the Luftwaffe attacked the town itself rather than the port. In this connexion the views of an American official observer—Major-General J. E. Chaney, of the U.S. Army Air Corps—are significant. The General, speaking of the ten-day Nazi onslaught of last August, pointed out that docks seemed then to have been spared from attack and suggested that this was because the Germans expected to be able to use them for landing troops and material during the projected invasion. Perhaps the same reason operates today, when there are ideas in the air that the Nazis are tuning up for another invasion attempt.

The indiscriminate bombing of provincial towns has been coupled with an intensified U-boat attack on British shipping by submarines operating from bases on the Atlantic seaboard of France. This time the Nazis did not boast in advance about the coming onslaught, though they are now in full chorus about what they call "industrial warfare" and "retaliatory attacks," with which they declare that a new chapter of the war has begun. These terms may cloak but will not conceal the true purpose of the air attacks—mass murder and widespread destruction, by which Britain's morale is intended to be broken. No longer is there any pretence that the Nazi bombers attack only military objectives; in fact, the German communiqué describing the London raid of Dec. 9 said that "sticks of incendiaries were dropped on certain districts and whole blocks of houses were set on fire." With the realization of this ruthless and brutal motive there is beginning to be heard—not only in Britain but in the Dominions—a demand that the morale of the German civilian population shall be put to a like ordeal.

Major-Gen. Chaney, in his review of the Battle of Britain, compared the ratio of German to British losses in the three earlier phases of the conflict: Aug. 8-15, 6 to 1; Sept. 5-15, 4 to 1; Sept. 27 onwards, 1·9 to 1. The reason for the smaller number of German casualties in the third phase is that the Nazis used fighter-bombers instead of big bombers, and that they then resorted to night attacks, besides flying at much greater altitudes. One other reason is that the Nazis latterly have provided more armour protection for their pilots and the vitals of their aircraft. As a counter to this, our fighters are now being armed with a shell gun as well as powerful machine-guns.

The new weapon, a Hispano-Suiza 20-mm. gun, fires through the airscrew hub and was a standard armament for some types of French fighter 'plane. It works on the same principle as the Swiss Oerlikon shell-gun, which fires 470 rounds per minute with a muzzle velocity of 2,700 feet per second; with armour-piercing ammunition, a hardened steel plate one inch thick can be penetrated at a range of 2,000 feet. The armour above and behind the pilot's seat on a Me. 109 shot down in Britain was 8 mm. thick (about 5-16 inch): at a range of 3,280 feet armour nearly twice as thick (15 mm. or about 7-12 inch) would be pierced.

Fourteen Nazi aircraft were shot down by the R.A.F. on Thursday, with the loss of two of our fighters, one of our pilots being saved. Eight Me. 109s were destroyed by a single R.A.F. squadron. On the previous night Düsseldorf had been bombed for twelve hours, armament works and gas plants being fiercely attacked. That same night other of our bombers visited Turin and bombed munition works. During Thursday night the Germans made a heavy attack on a South-coast town, and despite an intense A.A. barrage were able to cause much material damage and many casualties. On Friday a town in the South-west (Bristol) was heavily raided.

There was little enemy activity over Britain on Saturday—partly, perhaps, because the R.A.F. during Friday night had carried out one of their most intensive raids on airfields in Holland, Belgium and France. Weather conditions were also responsible for the grounding of the Nazi bombers. Over a region extending from the Plain of Orleans to Holland our bomber squadrons attacked the Nazi bases from which raiders set out for Britain. Coming down to 500 feet, our men dropped fire and explosive bombs, and gunned the aerodromes. About one in ten of the enemy's temporary aerodromes in the areas mentioned were attacked.

Düsseldorf was again severely raided on Saturday night, when some 4,000 incendiaries, besides numbers of H.E. bombs, were dropped on places of military importance. Other

BRISTOL'S AIR RAID DAMAGE has been heavy and some notable buildings have been damaged. Among them is the Dutch House, a remarkably picturesque structure dated 1676, which is said to have been brought from Holland. It stands at the corner of Wine Street and High Street in the oldest part of the city. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

Over Berlin & All Germany Our Bombers Roam

R.A.F. RAIDS ON GERMANY AND ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY DURING NOVEMBER

Compiled from Official Air Ministry Communiqués

Numbers following place-names denote the days of the month on which raids were made

Aerodromes

Abbeville, 7, 16
Amiens, 10, 27
Arras, 16, 20
Buer, 1, 17
Cambrai, 15, 16
Christiansand, 24
DenMok, 5, 25
Doullens, 8, 15
Haamstede, 6, 13
Merignac, 19, 22
St. Malo, 11, 15
Schipol, 1, 19, 27
Soesterberg, 3
Stavanger, 14, 15, 22
Vannes-Meucon, 14, 20

Amiens-Glisy, Bomlitz, Berlin, Brest, Coblenz, Dunkirk, Eindhoven, Emden, Knocke, Lannian, Leeuwarden, Le Touquet, Lille, Lubeck, Magdeburg, Montivilliers, Norderney, Oostvoorne, Rennes, Rheine, Rosendael, Rouen, St. Brieuc, St. Leger, St. Omer, Tournai, Tubingen, Ursei—*raided once.*

Aircraft Factories, etc.

Amsterdam, 8, 10
Bremen, 14
Hamburg, 16
Nurnberg, 8

Gun Positions, etc.

Cap Gris Nez, 1, 6, 15
Kloppenubrg, 5
Magdeburg, 5
Oldenburg, 5

Chemical Works, Munition Works, etc.

Berlin, 6, 19
Cologne, 6, 13, 26, 27
Düsseldorf, 6, 7, 13, 27
Essen, 1, 7, 10, 13, 23, 29
Gelsenkirken, 1, 29
Hamburg, 15, 16, 24
Mannheim, 10, 28
Pilsen, 19, 27

Berhausen, Boulogne, Castrop-Rauxel, Dortmund, Dresden, Geldern, Homburg, Leipzig, Lintfort, Nurnberg, Oberhausen, Salzbergen, Solingen, Uberlingen, Ulm, Weimar—*raided once.*

Oil Refineries, Oil Stores and Depots

Cologne, 12, 13, 16, 28
Gelsenkirchen, 1, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 17, 19, 27, 29
Hamburg, 14, 15, 16, 19, 24, 27, 28
Homburg, 6, 28, 29
Leuna, 6, 13, 18, 19, 29
Magdeburg 1, 27, 29
Wanne Eickel, 19, 22, 23

Emden, Frankfort, Ghent, Lutzendorf, Ostermoor, Salzbergen, Sterkrade, Stettin, Vlaardingen, Wesserling—*raided once.*

Bremen, Dortmund, Hanover, Ruhland—*raided twice.*

Railway Stations, Marshalling Yards, etc.

Berlin, 1, 6, 13, 14, 19, 23
Cologne, 6, 8, 26, 27, 28, 29
Dortmund, 19, 22, 23
Duisberg-Ruhrort, 8, 19
Düsseldorf, 13, 28
Gelsenkirchen, 17, 22
Hamburg, 15, 16, 29
Hamm, 6, 8, 27
Krefeld, 28, 29
Leipzig, 19, 23
Mainz, 6, 9
Mannheim, 8, 10, 27, 28
Munster, 10, 29
Osnabruck, 1, 8, 19, 27, 29

Aurich, Bremen, Coblenz, Danzig, Dessau, Dorsten, Dresden, Halle, Hildesheim, Hook of Holland, Le Havre, Ludwigshaven, Mors, Munich, Neuff, Nordhausen, Pretzsch, Rheine, Saarbrucken, Soest, Stuttgart—*raided once.*

Naval Bases, Docks, Harbours, Canals, etc.

Antwerp, 5, 10, 16, 27, 28
Boulogne, 4, 5, 9, 10, 15, 23, 24, 27, 28, 29
Bremen, 5, 28, 29
Bremerhaven 5, 13, 19
Calais, 5, 9, 10, 13, 15
Cherbourg, 10, 20, 30
Cologne, 23, 26, 29
Den Helder, 6, 24, 25, 29
Dortmund-Ems Canal, 7, 13, 16
Duisberg-Ruhrort, 1, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 27
Dunkirk, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 15, 16, 20
Flushing, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12, 19, 27, 29
Hamburg, 15, 16, 19, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29
Kiel, 3, 10, 15, 19, 25, 28
Le Havre, 4, 7, 8, 10, 14, 19, 27, 28, 29
Lorient, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 19, 20, 23, 26 to 29
Ostend, 4, 14, 15, 19, 20, 27, 29
Wilhelmshaven, 13, 24, 25, 28, 29

Amsterdam, Barfleur, Borkum, Emden, Heligoland, Hook of Holland, Ludwigshaven, Mannheim, Norderney, Stettin, Vegesack, Willemsoord—*raided once.*

Cuxhaven, Rotterdam, Ymuiden—*raided twice.*

Power Stations

Berlin, 2, 20
Cologne, 13, 26, 27
Hamburg, 5, 15, 16, 19, 24
Brest, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Hamborn, Kiel, Magdeburg—*raided once*

Total Raids Nov. 1-30 380

AT A FIGHTER AERODROME in the South of England, a "kitty" was subscribed to go to the squadron that first brought down 600 enemy 'planes. It was won by Flt.-Lieut. J. C. Mungo Park, D.F.C., right, and Pilot Officer H. M. Stephens, D.F.C., left.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

BERLIN has been forced by the R.A.F. to "take it" despite the promises of the Nazi leaders that no enemy aircraft could ever reach the city. Civilians have been employed in clearing up the debris after bombs had fallen, and in the photograph they are filling in a crater in a street close to a military objective.

Photo, Planet News

squadrons visited Antwerp, Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne, and bombed a long list of aerodromes in France and the Low Countries. Brest and Lorient, whence submarines sally forth, were attacked also; Lorient had been raided fifteen times during November, and is given no respite.

On Sunday night, after two days and one night without an Alert, London had an early warning which ushered in what proved to be the worst air attack for three weeks past and was met by the heaviest barrage for some time. First flares were dropped, followed by incendiaries and H.E.s, and damage was done both in the central area and the outskirts. Other raiders attacked places along the Thames Estuary and in the South-east of England. In the London area nine hospitals, four churches and a convent were hit.

Over Greece and Albania the R.A.F. had destroyed 37 Italian aircraft up to Dec. 6, with the loss of only two of our fighters. In all, since she entered the war, Italy has lost 290 'planes, against 53 lost by the R.A.F. Italian aircraft are said to be poor in quality and the personnel to be inadequately trained; there are signs also that the pilots have little enthusiasm for their task. Diving down into narrow valleys, our own aircraft bombed road junctions, attacked troop concentrations and harassed the Italian columns retreating before the Greeks. Two hits were scored on an Italian destroyer in the harbour at Santi Quaranta, before this place was abandoned by the enemy. Later, the vessel fell into the hands of the Greeks. The port of Valona has been repeatedly bombed, and also Italian shipping off the Albanian coast. In Libya our bombers made a devastating attack on Castel Benito, near the town of Tripoli, on Saturday night.

AIRCRAFT LOSSES OVER BRITAIN

	German	Italian	British
May	1,990	—	258
June	276	—	177
July	245	—	115
Aug.	1,110	—	310
Sept.	1,114	—	311
Oct.	241	—	119
Nov.	201	20	53
Dec. 1-8	28	—	7
Totals, May to Dec. 8	5,205	20	1,350

Daily Results

Dec.	Ger. Losses	Br. Losses	Br. Pilots Saved	Dec.	Ger. Losses	Br. Losses	Br. Pilots Saved
1 ...	8	5	5	6 ...	—	—	—
2 ...	2	—	—	7 ...	2	—	—
3 ...	—	—	—	8 ...	1	—	—
4 ...	1	—	—	Totals	28	7	6
5 ...	14	2	1				

From the beginning of the war up to **Dec. 8, 3,023 enemy aircraft** destroyed during raids on Britain. R.A.F. losses **846**, but **428** pilots saved.

British bombers lost in operations in November against German or enemy-occupied territory were **48**; German aircraft destroyed over these regions numbered 8. In the East and in the Mediterranean **Britain lost 18 aircraft, against 59 Italian destroyed.** Unofficial estimate for the whole war period gave an **Italian loss of at least 290 'planes.**

Mr. Churchill on Nov. 5 gave weekly average of killed and seriously wounded civilians for September as 4,500; for October, 3,500.

In Britain We Fight the Murder Raids

MONKS are now to be seen as firemen at Buckfast Abbey, Buckfastleigh, Devon, the great stone church which has been rebuilt entirely by the monks, who began their work in 1908. Now their fear is that bombs may undo the work of many years, and here they are wheeling their fire-pump out for daily practice.

LIVERPOOL, it has now been revealed, is the north-western city that has been mentioned many times as one of the Nazi objectives since the blitzkrieg in the air was carried to provincial cities. Here the Lord Mayor, seen left with an air-raid warden, is watching a civilian rescue squad at work in a demolished building. In the ruins that fill the huge crater people were still trapped when the photograph was taken.

Photos, "Daily Mirror"

Nazis Had a Brief Success in the Shipping War

One week in October was a black week in the war against our Mercantile Navy. The losses were the heaviest since war began, but the weekly average for the month was lower than that for September, so the Nazi success was brief. This, with stories of seamen's gallantry and a table of losses for the five weeks, is described here by Mr. D. E. Maxwell.

THE British public, inevitably concerned with the progress of the war overhead, was reminded of its debt to the British seamen when the Ministry of Shipping issued its first merchant shipping casualty list on October 17. The fact that the list was long overdue—it covered approximately the first six months of the war—possibly emphasized that, unlike conditions on land or in the air, the war at sea had been waged with all the strength Germany could command and cared to risk from the first day, when the passenger liner "Athenia" was torpedoed without warning, and sixteen seamen, three stewardesses and 193 passengers were killed or drowned. For the seamen of many countries, but Britain in particular, there had been no respite from attacks by torpedo, from the menace of mines sown indiscriminately, or from the danger of the lurking raider. But for the courage, endurance and sacrifice of her seamen, Britain's war effort would have long since been paralysed for want of food and raw materials.

The first casualty list contained the names of 917 members of the Merchant Navy and fishing fleets; it was made up of 45 masters and skippers, 192 deck and engine-room officers, 19 radio officers and 661 men. The First Lord of the Admiralty later announced that in the first year of the war the number, crews and passengers, lost and saved was approximately: 3,327 lost, 15,635 saved, and 1,100 taken prisoner or interned.

In regard to shipping losses, the uncomfortably steady rate of sinkings during the previous four months was maintained in October. The position was regarded as serious, particularly since the British losses of one week were the heaviest since the outbreak of war.

That the Government was alive to the menace represented by the intensified attack on Britain's vital trade routes was demonstrated later in Parliament—as it had not been demonstrated before. "This is a position," said Mr. Arthur Greenwood, "much like that of April 1917." He added that things might have been far worse if there had not been an increase in British merchant shipbuilding. Mr. Greenwood was apparently anxious not to gloss over the seriousness of the shipping losses, but in likening the situation to that of the spring of 1917 he created—no doubt unintentionally—a degree of alarm which the facts as a whole did not warrant. The loss rate, it is true, was comparable to that of the worst period of the First Great War, but not the shipping position generally.

In April 1917, 545,000 tons gross of British shipping was sunk; the British loss rate during the worst month so far of the Second Great War, September, was less than this by nearly 40 per cent, though it was higher than the average for the whole of 1917. Further, in 1917 there was a marked shortage of Allied shipping such as did not exist in October 1940. On the former occasion, the crisis arose largely owing to the Government's concentration on warship building at the expense of the construction of merchant ships. As Mr. Greenwood indicated, no such vital error had been committed in 1940—or, if the building programme had at one time been slightly unbalanced in favour of men-of-war, a safer equilibrium had been established by the end of October.

However, in relation to the actual supply of tonnage at that time, of far greater importance than the British shipbuilding programme was the vast amount of shipping controlled by countries now allied to the British cause, including the Norwegian and Dutch fleets. While, as the Minister of Shipping revealed, the tonnage under the British flag was slightly less than at the outbreak of war, that flying the flags of our Allies amounted to about 8,000,000 tons gross—equivalent to nearly two years' losses at the current high rate of sinkings. The problem in the autumn of 1940 was not that

Merchant Shipping War Losses For October 1940

	Sept. 3, 1939 Sept. 29, 1940	Sept. 30 Nov. 3	Sept. 3, 1939 Nov. 3, 1940
BRITISH:	*Tons gross*	*Tons gross*	*Tons gross*
Liners, cargo vessels	1,852,937	313,428	2,166,415
Lost in naval operations	73,220	—	73,220
Naval auxiliaries	151,033	—	151,033
Naval trawlers	17,709	3,751	21,460
Totals	2,094,949	317,179	2,412,128
ALLIED:	544,977	60,242	605,219
Totals	2,639,926	377,421	3,017,347
NEUTRAL:	825,127	46,630	871,757
Totals	3,465,053	424,051	3,889,104

The figures above cover five weeks

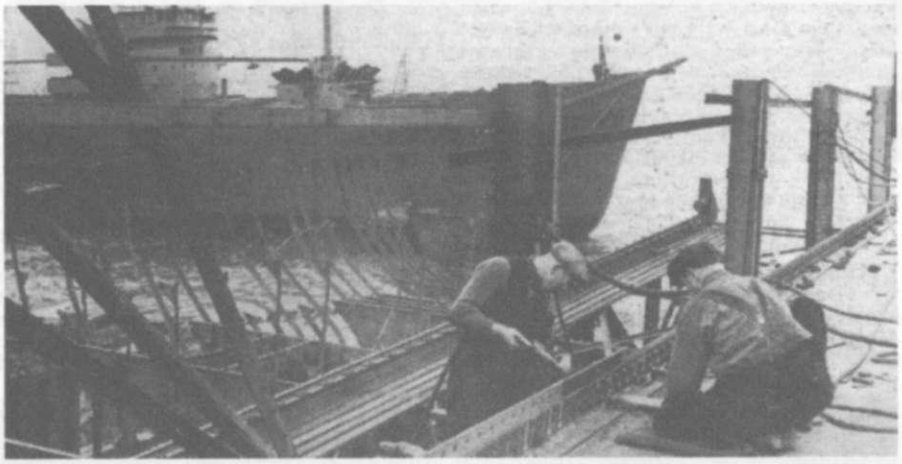
Enemy Losses to October 31, 1940

	Sunk	Captured	Total
GERMAN:	873,478	259,161	1,132,639
ITALIAN:	214,899	150,762	365,661
Totals	1,088,377	409,923	1,498,300

In addition about 44,190 tons under enemy control or useful to the enemy have been sunk.

DESTROYER ESCORTS are still the best means of dealing with the menace to convoys from U-boats, and above a destroyer is dropping depth charges over her stern round the spot where an enemy submarine has been located. When more destroyers come from U.S.A. still more damage will be done to the U-boat forces. The top photograph shows fifteen-year-old Desmond Lock, bellboy of the "Highland Patriot" a U-boat victim, arriving early in October at a West Coast port in naval rig-out after being rescued by a British warship. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Keystone*

The Fight Against the U-Boat Menace Goes On



BRITISH SHIPYARDS work at full pressure to make good the losses caused by Hitler's intensive U-boat campaign against our convoys. Riveters are here seen at work on the deck of a new ship at a British shipyard. Beside it the framework of another vessel is shown, while in the background a third ship has been completed and launched. On December 5 it was announced that the U.S.A. was placing 150 merchant ships at Britain's disposal. *Photo, Central Press*

a shortage of ships existed but that means had eventually to be found to replace the losses that might possibly occur in 1941 and 1942 and to strengthen our escorting forces.

The black week of October was that which ended the 20th, when 47 British, Allied and neutral ships were sunk, totalling 205,781 tons gross. This figure had only been exceeded in one week, but on that occasion many of the ships were lost in the combined naval operations off the Channel ports. The British losses in the week 13-20, 154,279 tons, were slightly higher (by 5,600 tons) than those of the previously worst week of the war (September 15-22), while the Allied losses were the highest since the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France

Lowest Week's Losses Since May

This record was, of course, to be deplored, but the figures for the following week served as a reminder that monthly or average totals were of more importance than weekly figures. By contrast, the total for the week ended on October 27—16,860 tons, including 9,986 tons of British ships—was the lowest since the beginning of May. The result of these violent fluctuations was that the average weekly loss of British and Allied tonnage for October was noticeably less than in September—75,000 tons against 90,000 tons—though it was still slightly above the average for August—71,000 tons.

In the week ended on October 20 the majority of the British losses occurred in the Atlantic and were evidently due to a concentration of U-boats, based on ports all along the Norwegian and Continental coastline as far south as the Pyrenees. The exceptional effort soon petered out. The Germans may have been assisted by such Italian submarines as had been able to slip past Gibraltar. Also one or two fruitful attacks on convoys may have been made by more than a single submarine. For what it is worth—usually very little indeed—a German communiqué issued on October 19 claimed that of 31 ships sunk by U-boats "during the past few days," 26 were in "strongly protected" convoys. The brief success was undoubtedly accompanied by losses of enemy submarines, and their highly-skilled officers and crews.

The weekly average loss for October would have been less than that for August, as well as September, if the total had not included one of the finest and most beautiful passenger liners flying the British flag. The "Empress of Britain," of 42,348 tons gross, flagship of the Canadian Pacific fleet, was sunk at 2.5 a.m. on the night of October 27-28 (see pages 502, 504 and 555). The liner had been attacked by a German bomber in the early morning two days previously about 150 miles from the Irish coast.

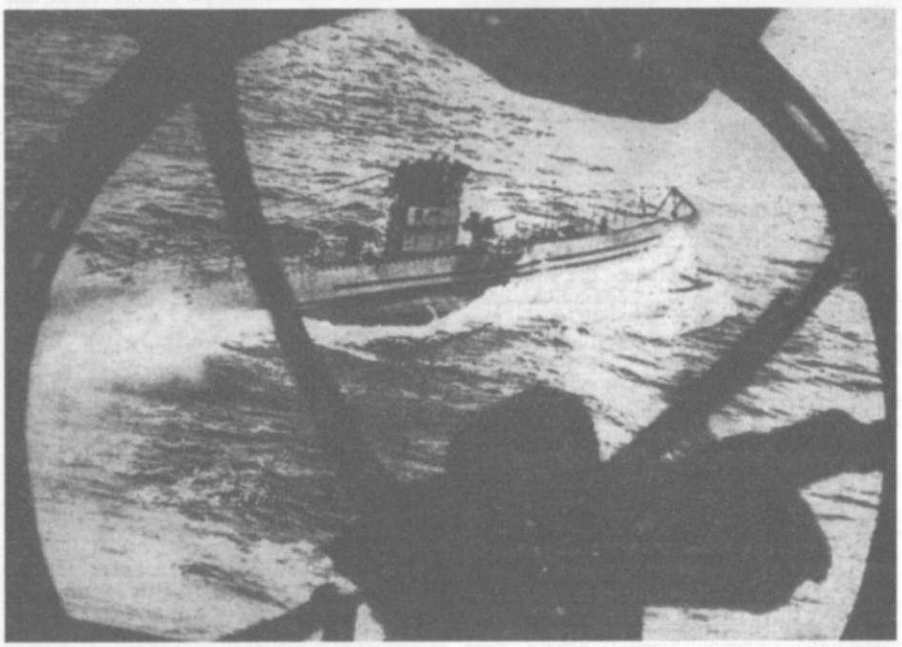
The "Empress of Britain," though belonging to the C.P.R., whose head office is in Canada, was, like all the fleet of Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd., registered in Great Britain. She was one of the fastest and most luxurious ships in Empire services, and the most notable merchant ship in the world to have been sunk during the war so far.

Another regrettable loss was that of the Royal Mail liner "Highland Patriot," a fine ship of 14,172 tons gross. She was torpedoed without warning homeward bound from South America. Fortunately, only three of the crew of 139 lost their lives and all the 33 passengers were rescued, although the liner was not in convoy.

A typical incident demonstrating the resourcefulness and daring of the merchant seamen who are aiding in the war against totalitarianism as the allies of Britain, was the escape from Dakar during the month of two Polish coastal ships, the "Rozewie" of 766 tons and the "Kroman" of 1,864 tons. The French authorities planned to seize six Polish ships which had been berthed at Dakar. Steel cables with electric alarms were placed at the mouth of the harbour. The masters decided to make a dash for safety, braving the powerful French artillery units. The "Rozewie" slipped under the nose of a French battleship at the dead of night, started the alarm, broke the cable and managed to reach open sea. The "Kroman" escaped later, without navigation papers or certain parts of her machinery.

While, as already pointed out, the merchant shipping losses continued at a rate which could be regarded with anything but complacency, the Allied shipping position was still so satisfactory at the end of October that a fair tonnage of the Norwegian and Dutch fleets was left unchartered to the Ministry of Shipping, free to engage in trades remote from the theatre of war. A further safeguard against a shipping crisis was provided when Italy wantonly attacked her small but tenacious neighbour Greece on October 28. A considerable proportion of the Greek merchant fleet—which included about 1,600,000 tons gross of ocean-going tramp ships, the largest tramp fleet in the world next to that of Great Britain—was already chartered to the Ministry of Shipping. But the addition to the countries ranged against the dictators of another sea power, in the commercial sense, provided a welcome assurance for the future.

Imports of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons continued to arrive at British ports.



THIS U-BOAT is seen from a Messerschmitt 'plane. Members of the crew on the conning-tower are clearly visible. R.A.F. attacks against the important U-boat base of Lorient in German-occupied France have been repeatedly pressed home, for with the acquisition of Atlantic seaports the U-boats seek to paralyse British shipping. *Photo, Planet News*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Nazis Try to Wreck Oil Plant

FROM New York comes a curious tale of an attempt by a Nazi raiding party to destroy the oil refineries on the island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies. These works were taken under Allied protection on May 11 last to prevent them from falling into enemy hands. According to an eye-witness story, the attempt was made on the night of July 28, when two British tankers were tied up at the dock taking on supplies of aviation petrol. The landing party from a Nazi raider crept ashore on the opposite side of the island, intending to steal over to the refineries unseen, but they were detected and a fight ensued. Details are lacking, but it would appear that the tankers left the port and manoeuvred so as to be able to train their guns on the shore. The raiders started using machine-guns and hand grenades, the tankers replied with gunfire. It was a short and sharp encounter. Whether the British defenders suffered any losses was not stated, but next day it was declared that 35 members of the raiding party were either killed or wounded.

American Flash Bomb for R.A.F.

THE United States Army Air Corps has released to the R.A.F. a secret flash bomb on which their experts have been experimenting for some years. It is a device for securing detailed photographs from a high altitude by night, and will be of great value in reconnaissance flights over enemy country. The flash from the bomb, which is similar to that produced by a photographic flash bulb, acts upon a photo-electric cell in the aeroplane which actuates the shuttle of the camera, and photographing becomes automatic. Dangerous daylight flights for the purpose of obtaining information about damage done to enemy objectives, or to ascertain the disposition of forces, will soon be unnecessary.

FLASH BOMB lighting was used to take the aerial photograph above from a height of 5,000 feet. Its clarity is remarkable, for it has not been in any way retouched. Left, Major George W. Gordon, a U.S. observer, who conducted the first experiments with the bombs, is examining one of them. With him is the pilot who flew the 'plane from which experimental photographs were taken. *Photos, Associated Press*

Attempt to Assassinate Quisling

GREAT tension has resulted in Norway from the unsuccessful attempt on December 1 to assassinate the leader of the Norwegian Nazi party, Quisling. After addressing a none too friendly gathering at Fredrikstad, he was walking at the head of a Nazi youth procession through the streets of the town when a bomb was thrown which exploded immediately ahead. Several people were badly hurt, but Quisling himself escaped, although the police had to intervene to save him from molestation by the excited crowd. The same evening he started to address a meeting at Sarpsburg, but so threatening was the attitude of the audience that again he had to be rescued, while a free fight broke out, followed by arrests and the removal of more injured persons to hospital. Hatred and hostility towards the Nazis have intensified during recent weeks, and a dangerous spirit is rising in the country which is feared by some to presage civil war.

Finland's Independence Day

HELSINKI celebrated Finnish Independence Day on December 6 with a military parade and many large patriotic meetings. At least half of those taking part in the parade were engaged a year ago in the great struggle with Russia. Field-Marshal Mannerheim inspected disabled men who attended in wheeled chairs, and M. Ryti, Premier and acting President, delivered an oration in which he said: "We must make ready for any eventuality, and maintain and strengthen our capacity and will for defence." Hitler, who had withheld any message of encouragement when Finland was fighting for her life last winter, cabled his good wishes.

Journalists Inspect Italian Warships

WITH the object of disproving British claims of damage inflicted on Italian warships during the naval battle of November 27, Mussolini invited fifteen neutral journalists to make a tour of inspection of ships said to have taken part in the engagement. The privileged correspondents were shown over five warships and reported that the only scars to be seen on the battleships "Vittorio Veneto" and "Giulio Cesare" were a few bare patches due, they were told, to the paint being peeled off the gun turrets by the firing of their own 15-in. batteries. No damage of any kind was found on the three cruisers "Fiume," "Pola" and "Gorizia." Two comments can be made about this report. The first is that the only damage observed by British aircraft on the battleships was a torpedo hit on one of them, and this would not be apparent to a visitor shown only the upper deck. The second is that out of seven 10,000-ton cruisers taking part in the action three only were seen. There is nothing to prove that the other four are intact.

Rumania in the German Grip

WHEN General Antonescu, Rumanian premier, was in Berlin to sign the Axis pact on November 23, he also arranged a 10-year economic pact between the two countries. Under this agreement, Germany allows Rumania long-term credits for the development of her industry and agriculture. German technical aid is made available, and private investment of German capital in Rumania will be encouraged. In exchange for these privileges Rumania is to develop and extend her communications with Germany, including railways, roads, and oil pipe-lines. The first of the new decrees empowers General Antonescu to expropriate all oil-pipes, lines, pumping stations and reservoirs, as well as the property on which they stand. The second decree provides for the seizure of all Danube barges, tugs, tankers and sea-going ships owned or used by companies with Jewish shareholders.

Rules for the Inhabitants of Brest

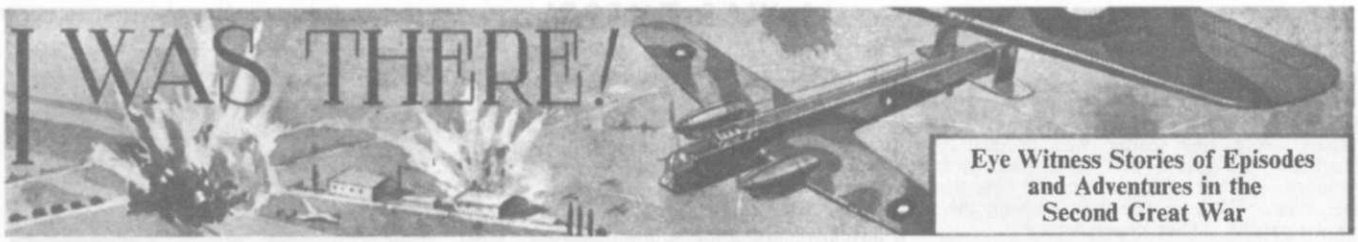
COMPLYING with instructions issued by the Kreiskommandantur (German District Command), the unhappy mayor of Brest has had to appeal to his fellow townsmen to observe regulations which were set out in "La Dépêche de Brest et de l'Ouest." They ran as follows:

1. *National Emblem.* By order of the head of the military administration in France, the French population is forbidden to wear the tricolour emblem in public, in whatever form. No object displayed to the public must be decorated with the French national colours.

2. *Insult to Italians.* The inhabitants are strictly forbidden to insult the Italians and in particular the Italian Vice-Consul at Brest, M. Vittorio Job. If the Vice-Consul is insulted afresh the city of Brest will be fined 50,000 francs on each occasion.

3. *Throwing of Stones or Sundry Debris at German Soldiers.* Acts of this sort will be repressed with extreme severity. If the culprits are not discovered, the city risks being subjected to a considerable fine.

The mayor counts on the spirit of understanding of the population for the avoidance of incidents the consequences of which may be serious for the whole community



'Are Youse Guys English?' They Asked Us

Reported "missing, feared killed," the crew of an R.A.F. bomber—pilot, observer and air gunner—arrived safely at their base in Greece after a two-days' journey which, as the squadron leader describes below, developed into a triumphal progress through the Greek countryside.

AN R.A.F. squadron raided one of the Albanian ports, and because of cloud its bombs had to be released at a very low altitude. A big ship was hit and damage to docks caused. Two of the aircraft were hit by anti-aircraft shells. One, badly damaged, had great difficulty in making its way back to base. He reported that his companion had also been hit, one engine being seen to stop, and that it was likely the aircraft had crashed into the sea.

Nothing more was heard for two days and the crew and aircraft were officially posted as missing. The squadron leader eventually told the following story of the adventures of this aircraft.

Just as we had released our bombs we received direct hits from anti-aircraft shells. One tore a large hole in the port engine cowling, but it continued to function in spite of the fact that oil was pouring out. The other engine was hit and stopped almost immediately.

The aircraft was holed in many places and there was one enormous rent right through one wing, but the aircraft would still fly, though the force of the explosion had thrown it on its back.

Not one of us was injured, though the notebook in our air gunner's pocket was torn in half by a piece of shrapnel. We flew on slowly, unable to make height on our one engine. The cockpit was full of petrol fumes, and I feared we should pass out. We were a sitting bird, all right, but no one came after us.

We flew for nearly two hours and then spotted a tiny island. We found only one place to attempt a landing—a strip of beach about 20 yards wide. I gave the chance of jumping to the crew, but they preferred to stand by me. Well, we put the aircraft down safely, although the wheels would not come down and we made a belly landing.

There were more difficulties with which to contend. The observer went forward to some peasants, who immediately rushed away screaming. We put our hands up and yelled: "Inglese; Inglese." A look of wonderment spread over one man's face, and he replied with a definite American accent: "Are youse guys English?"

Locals came to the number of about a thousand and looked extremely dangerous, only being kept back by our Americanized friend.

At last we persuaded the villagers of this tiny island that we were friendly, and they found us their only car. It did not last long. It was destroyed soon after by a bomb, one of many that fell that day on this entirely defenceless island. We were bombed eight times in a single day, the only casualties occurring among the civilian population.

Later we persuaded the owner of a fishing boat to take us to the mainland. We set off at night, going to sleep on the deck, but cold and hungry. Rough waves continually swept the deck. After 20 hours at sea the weather was so rough that the skipper was forced to put into a port near by, fortunately on the mainland.

Here we had a grand reception. All of us were carried shoulder high round the village, being kissed by men, women, and children alike. Bouquets showered on us; we were given bottles of local wine, and finally led by the mayor and corporation to the town hall.

I had to make a speech, but as it was in English I do not imagine much of it got over. The most popular part was when I said "Mussolini" in grim tones and made a sign. That fairly brought the house down. A car was found for us, and amid wild cheers and enthusiasm and loaded with gifts we set off across the mountain trail. After a long journey we came to another town, where we were again treated like conquering heroes.

Eventually, after walking, travelling by car and by train, we got back to our base. My crew and I are agreed we would not have missed this grand tour of Greece for anything. It has made us feel that war in this part of the world is really worth while, and we are instilled with renewed enthusiasm.

AT A GREEK AIRFIELD, R.A.F. officers are seen inspecting bombs intended to be released on an Italian port in Albania. The fine work of the R.A.F. which operates from Greek bases against the enemy positions in Albania, is the background to the adventure described above.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

I Was in a Channel Destroyer Battle

On Friday, November 29, a naval action took place in the English Channel between British and German destroyers. The following eye-witness account of the engagement is by the "Daily Mirror" Naval Correspondent, who was on board one of the British destroyers.

WE had been at "action stations" about eleven hours when at about 5 a.m. suddenly we turned about and from the leader, H.M.S. "Javelin" (see illustration in page 644), there flashed a message.

The lean grey ships leapt forward in unison and raced full steam ahead. On we sped. Each ship's 4,000 h.p. engines were humming at their highest pitch.

Suddenly a star-shell burst, hung in the sky and flooded the scene with a white light.

On our starboard bow, little more than two miles away, I saw two German destroyers. There were three, I learned afterwards. But in the split second before hell's lid was lifted I picked out two dark shapes from the tumbling waves.

Then the enemy's guns crashed and our guns and the guns of our sister ships spoke. The air was filled with the roar of guns and bursting shells, flying metal and the reek of cordite.

More star shells. "Javelin," our leader, three hundred yards away on our starboard bow, took a torpedo in her nose. We swung towards her the better to bring our guns and torpedoes to bear on the enemy.

The roar of guns and the whang of the enemy's five-inch shells, that sounded like the crack of a giant whip, persisted.

Torpedoes were the enemy's parting shot. As they launched them and the British destroyers closed in with their guns blazing and registering hits, they swung their noses southwards, put up a smoke screen, piled on steam and fled.

"Pursue!" We pursued.

But behind their smoke screen in the predawn darkness they slipped us. We raked the Channel till dawn, but there was no sign of the marauding destroyers.

"Lost 'em, eh?" said a Cockney gunner

I WAS THERE!

as I passed him. "Blimey, I wish I'd brought my —— bike."

Just before dawn it was reported that "Javelin," whom we had thought lost, was afloat. And our leader was unhurt. At daybreak we found her. She had gaping wounds, but the white ensign still flew from her mast. We gave her three rousing cheers as we passed. They cheered back.

Another destroyer took the wounded on board and raced back to port. "Javelin" was the only British ship to sustain casualties or damage.

Tugs came out and took "Javelin" in tow. Slowly all day they have been towing her back to port.

Enemy 'planes have attacked us several times. It is now 8 p.m. With me are officers with grimy, unshaven faces, eyes bloodshot and heavy.

Later.—We are in port. All except "Javelin" are loading ammunition. Then a spot of sleep. "For tomorrow, by the living God, they'll try the game again."

That is, if the Germans dare to come out and fight.

'Proud of the Crew of My Flaming Bomber'

A story of outstanding courage and endurance lies behind the award on December 4 of the D.S.O. to Pilot Officer Geoffrey Cheshire and the D.F.M. to Sergeant Henry Davidson of the R.A.F. How the bombing of Cologne goods yards was carried out by a severely damaged 'plane and injured crew is told here by Pilot Officer Cheshire himself.

PILOT OFFICER G. L. CHESHIRE, whose gallant exploit, recounted below, won him the D.S.O. He is 23, and has his home at Abingdon, Berks. *Photo, Johnson: Oxford*

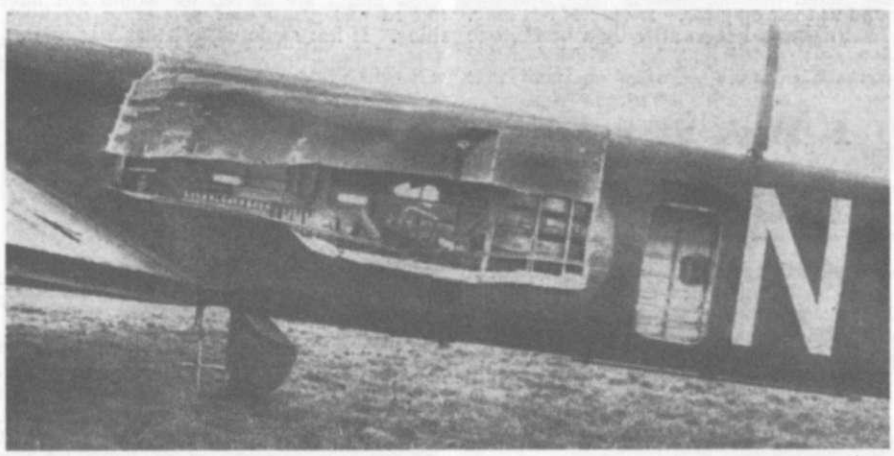
ARRIVING back at his base, Pilot Officer Cheshire made his report, which began in correct service fashion, "I have the honour to report that on the night of November 11-12th the . . . aircraft was damaged. . . ." In a less formal account he said:

We were off just before midnight, and set course for the oil refinery at Wesseling, Cologne. We went straight to the target, but unluckily the clouds were there before us. We could not see the ground at all. We circled for fifty minutes hoping that it would clear; then we decided to attack the railway goods yard at Cologne before that was obscured, too. We could see the yard clearly enough. The anti-aircraft gunfire, which had been very severe and accurate for the last hour, slowed down, and it seemed as though we could not miss our new target. The bomb doors were open, the wireless operator was standing by to drop the great flare and the bomb-aimer had started giving the usual alterations of course.

Then anti-aircraft fire opened up intensely again, and one shell burst very close. It was what is technically known as a near miss, but it was near enough for fragments to hit us. There was a blinding explosion from the front, the perspex of the front turret was blown away, and there was another terrific explosion in the fuselage. The shell had touched off the flare.

The explosions had hurled the control column out of my hands, and the cabin filled with dense black smoke. I remember asking the bomb-aimer if he had dropped his bombs, but the only answer I got was, "I've been hit." Very soon the smoke cleared a little, and to my amazement I saw that, not only were the engines still there, but that they were both running. Then the bomb-aimer came up through the well, his face streaming with what looked like blood. He was holding his head, and could not stand upright. I could not possibly help him, since it was all I could do to regain control of the aircraft. Suddenly he shouted "fire" and staggered towards the tail.

A little later I looked round and saw the wireless operator coming through the door with flames licking his flying suit. He was on fire himself. The bomb-aimer dashed up to him and beat the flames out with his hands.



WHILE OVER GERMANY this heavy bomber was hit by an A.A. shell; although a large part of the fuselage was blown out by the explosion, the magnificent cooperation on the part of the crew, described by Pilot Officer Cheshire in this page, brought the machine safely home. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Then he disappeared down the fuselage again. He seemed to have recovered completely, and it turned out that what I had taken to be blood was only oil.

Then the cabin cleared of smoke, and things seemed to be fairly all right, except that the aircraft was flying in an erratic sort of way. Back in the body of the machine the crew were working frantically to get rid of the incendiaries and anything that might explode. We carried on and dropped our bombs. We hadn't made the journey for fun, and the job had to be done as best we could do it.

Then the second pilot came forward and reported that the fire seemed to be under control. On seeing fire break out he had gone for the fire extinguisher. But by the time he had got back again the wireless operator had pushed the blazing flare down the "chute" and the bomb-aimer was stamping the flames out. So the second pilot went back to the tail gunner, cooped up in his little glass turret, who had been knocked out by the explosion. He had come to, thinking that the turret had been blown completely off and that it was falling through the sky. It turned out that it was he who had said "I've been hit," and the next thing he remembers is helping to throw out the incendiary bombs and being told to go back for his parachute in case the other end of the aeroplane should fall off.

During this time the wireless operator and I were alone in the cabin. He had collapsed on the floor and said, "I'm going blind, sir." His face was burned completely black, and it looked as though blood was streaming from his eyes. When the crew returned I sent the second pilot back for the first-aid outfit and told the others to look after the wireless operator who at first refused to be helped. He got to his feet and said, "I must get to the wireless." As soon as his burns had been attended to, he clambered to his wireless and started to send out messages saying that we were on our way back to base. But first he had to explain the setting of the dials to the rear gunner, and when everything was ready he had his hand guided to the key. For forty minutes he stood like that, tapping out his message, but the aerial had been shot away, and nothing got through. Half an hour after the explosion we had got clear of the anti-aircraft fire.

Then we took stock. We found the front turret holed, both doors gone, and the ten-foot hole in the fuselage itself. The fuselage had been twisted, and that accounted for the wallowing motion of the aircraft, but we were able to maintain height, and by running the engines carefully could make a decent speed. It took us five hours to get home—there was an eighty-mile wind against us.

All those hours the wireless operator made no moan or complaint, although he was suffering from the intense cold as well as from his burns. When we told him we would land at the nearest aerodrome, he begged that we should go the extra 100 miles, so that we could all get back to our friends and let them see that we were safe. It was a crew to be proud of, not one of them showed even the slightest trace of fear or doubt as to our ability to get through.

That the aircraft was able to cover the distance is the finest tribute possible to the designers, manufacturers, and workmen. The whole of the skin and ribs had been blown off one side of the fuselage, and on the other side all the rivets were missing. There was very little left to hold the tail plane on, but we bombed the goods yard, and in spite of all they could do to us, we safely made the journey home.

I WAS THERE!

Our Jackie Mumbled : 'Only Did Me Best'

When eight people were trapped in the cellar of a bombed house at Birmingham, six were rescued by Jack Reynolds, an eighteen-year-old A.R.P. messenger who, as recounted in this letter to the "Daily Mirror," wormed his way into the wreckage and helped them out.

DESCRIBING the "incident" in which young Jack Reynolds displayed conspicuous bravery, a Birmingham group warden said :

One night two houses were hit by a high explosive bomb. The incident was reported at the post by a warden two minutes later.

Eight people were trapped in the cellar of one house. We heard them calling to us through a hole on a level with the garden.

The big bay window frame, which had been blown out by the explosion, lay across it.

I shone my torch into the cellar and counted six people and two dogs.

The ceiling had collapsed at the far end, and at our end was held up only by a loose beam which looked like slipping at any moment.

Young Jackie Reynolds was by my side. He said : "Shall I go down ? I can slip in quite easily." I told him he would be risking his life, but all he said was : "I'll do me best. Just tell me what to do."

He slithered down feet first and got busy in the light of several torches. He helped up the three people nearest to us, a man and two women.

We heaved them up, but the remaining three (two women and a man) and the two dogs were not going to be so easy.

The man was lying back in his invalid chair unconscious. His wife, a heavy woman, was face down on his lap, also unconscious, her feet hidden in the debris.

First we passed some water down to Jackie for the woman. It revived her a lot. Jackie talked away to her.

Now came his most delicate and difficult task. The woman was not so difficult, because she could at least walk, and he helped her up to us, but the man and wife were heavy.

I asked him if he could manage to roll one at a time on to a sheet of corrugated iron if we let it down. He gave us the usual reply : "I'll do me best."

He passed the dog up first. Then we slid down the corrugated iron sheet, which he wedged firmly. Then I dropped the end of a rope down to him and told him to tie it firmly round the man's chest.

Jackie is not a strong lad. But again he said : "I'll do me best." After a hard struggle he managed to tie the rope and roll the man only a little on to the metal sheet.

While Jackie guided, we pulled the man from under his wife and so up to the opening. Jackie could not turn the woman over on her back, but he managed to get her head and chest on to the sheet.

The woman was the sixth person Jackie had rescued, and it had taxed his strength severely.

But before he allowed himself to be helped up, he borrowed my torch to see if he could find the other two women. They were invisible under the debris, and, as the rescue squad were working from behind the house to reach them, we left it to them and helped Jackie up.

He mumbled something about "Only did me best" and vanished.

Jack Reynolds, young and brave, the story of whose fine rescue work in Birmingham is told in this page, is seen reading a letter of praise and congratulation from the Earl of Dudley, Midlands Regional Commissioner.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"

The guns of trawlers and drifters now acting as minesweepers receive periodical overhauls by gunners of the Royal Navy. A gunnery officer at an East Coast port is watching the changing of a Lewis gun ammunition drum.
Photo, Planet News

I Was Boarded by the Fishermen's Patrol

Among the vessels flying the White Ensign which keep watch over coastal traffic round our shores are the trawlers of the "Fishermen's Patrol." A master mariner who was challenged and inspected by one of them describes their vigilance and efficiency in the following story.

STEALTHILY the little old coaster nosed her way among the shoals off the East Coast on her homeward journey to the Port of London.

I say "stealthily" because at the best of times this coast is no place for a careless seaman, and now we must take care to avoid, with the assistance of our naval instructions, "certain obstructions" which are intended for the benefit of someone else.

And for the enlightenment of any landsman who thinks, or might have thought, that a waterborne invading force could pounce upon these shores of ours, I can say from personal experience that coastal navigation is an anxious enough job for us who know, from years of experience, the narrow channels, the shoals, the set of the tides and how they are affected by various directions of wind, apart from the above-mentioned "certain obstructions."

Heaven knows how any square-headed stranger from over the water would get on ! And on top of all such difficulties he would have to contend with the Fishermen's Patrol.

No smart naval force, this, although the White Ensign flutters over their seaworthy counters ; but a rough, ruthless set of men whose families have for centuries wrested a living from off the stormy coast of Britain. If you have any business near the British coast you had better be sharp about answering their questions, or you might get hurt.

We had seen these patrol trawlers off and on all day—they seemed to be everywhere, rolling and pitching to and fro with as masterful a majesty as any battleship. As darkness came on, we were, by wartime regulations, compelled to anchor. But as it was not possible for us to get into a port or sheltered anchorage, we had to let go some miles out to sea, with a half-tide sandbank to give us a lee till the morning.

Right up to the time our anchor chain rattled out through the hawser pipe a little Yarmouth drifter shadowed us a mile off our starboard quarter, and when we were brought up he steamed close alongside and hailed us.

Crossing from one side of the wheelhouse to the other to answer, I found myself looking down the business end of a gun, manned by a tough-looking bunch in cloth caps and blue guernseys, who, I am sure, would have been delighted had I replied in German, or even said a word out of place. They would have blown us sky-high at the slightest provocation.

They train the gun on you first and hail you afterwards ; and the gun crew stand by all ready while you answer. So great care was necessary on my part in giving their skipper, briefly and clearly, the information he required. The trawler sheered off into the night. I went below, had supper, and turned in.

I was wakened just before daylight by the sound of a boat alongside and heavy footsteps on the deck. Jumping out of my bunk to investigate, I started up the companion steps only to find my way balked by a huge fisherman in sea-boots. Somewhat surprised at this intrusion, I stepped back into the cabin and he followed me.

"Are you the master of this vessel ?" I told him that I was. "Your papers, please."

There was no dilly-dallying. In a few seconds he satisfied himself about the essential items concerning the ship. In the meantime another of his men was conducting a rapid but efficient examination of the crew and their quarters forward. A third and fourth had already taken a hatch off and looked down the hold. In two or three minutes they had examined every section of the ship and every member of the crew. They were gruff, unyielding, and thorough, but they missed nothing.

And once they decided that all was well they bluntly apologized for troubling us—"We have to do this, you know"—and pulled away to the drifter. They had been watching us all night.—"*Daily Mail.*"

They Are Ready for Any Invaders in the Shetlands

SHETLAND Islanders have resolved that no Nazis shall ever set foot on their islands, and they are prepared for everything. The Shetlands—situated as they are on a possible air and sea route from Nazi-occupied Norway to the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland—are of much strategic importance, and though naval officers have to some extent supervised the defensive preparations, the islanders, men, women and children, have worked with a will and have marshalled their own resources most effectively.

One thing that the Shetlanders have discovered is that whale oil drums filled with sand make obstacles on the roads that an invader would find extremely awkward. In the top photograph, amidst the barren and treeless country, one of these ingenious devices is being inspected by naval and military officers. In the lower photograph women and children are at work filling the sandbags with which the drums are packed.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Sniper of the Modern Army Sees but Is Unseen

From a few yards away the netting, above, is indistinguishable from the bed of nettles in which it is placed, but inside it is a sniper, right, who can see without being seen.

The strange formation in the branching tree trunk is worn by a sniper. It is a camouflage visor, designed by a famous artist, and is practically indistinguishable from the trunk.

SNIPERS today are not picked out from the troops in the firing line simply because they are good shots. They are still that, but they are also highly trained specialists who have undergone a course of training at the Army School of Sniping in the Aldershot Command. Everything that can possibly be of value is added to the natural gifts of hands and sight which have already made the men good marksmen, and famous shots from all over the Empire coach them in the finer points of marksmanship.

A most important part of the course is that concerned with camouflage and taking cover, and so a famous big-game hunter teaches them how to see without being seen. Many of the sharpshooters are recruited from the ghillies and stalkers of the grouse moors and deer forests of Scotland, who in the course of their work have learned much that will be of use to them as snipers. They have developed a far keener sight than the average man.

The camouflage cloak worn by this sniper is painted to harmonize exactly with the surrounding vegetation, and it makes him as nearly as possible an invisible man.

Photos, Topical

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, DEC. 3, 1940 *458th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. made daylight attacks on aerodromes in Northern France. Bad weather restricted night operations, but attacks were made on goods yards at Ludwigshaven and railway junction at Mannheim, blast furnace plant at Essen and port of Dunkirk.

War against Italy—Violent R.A.F. attack on Kassala.

Home Front—Single enemy aircraft made few daylight flights over East Anglia, S.E. and S.W. England. Bombs fell in London outskirts and at other widespread places.

Night raiders dropped incendiaries over London, starting fires. Heavy attack on Midlands towns, particularly Birmingham, where extensive damage was done. Bombs also fell in scattered areas in the Home Counties.

Greek War—Athens claimed that Greek Army was within 1¼ miles of Santi Quaranta, and that two heights dominating Argyrokastro had been captured. Fresh heights occupied north-west of Pogradets.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4 *459th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. made sustained attack on targets in Düsseldorf area. Other objectives included ports of Antwerp and Calais, several aerodromes and A.A. gun positions.

Enemy bomber shot down over Dutch coast.

War against Italy—R.A.F. bombers heavily damaged Italian destroyer off Santi Quaranta. Greek Navy later captured it.

Other forces bombed selected targets at Turin, including the Royal Arsenal.

Home Front—Bombs dropped during day over Dover. Two raids on East Anglian town. Midlands were again attacked at night, bombs being dropped in a number of districts. London and Home Counties were also raided.

Greek War—Greek patrols entered outskirts of Santi Quaranta. Italians evacuating Argyrokastro and Premeti.

R.A.F. shot down eight enemy aircraft and severely damaged seven others. Italian troops retreating in Tepelini-Klisura area were successfully attacked by British bombers and fighters.

General—First Free French Cross of Liberation awarded posthumously to Colonial civil servant in French West Africa.

THURSDAY, DEC. 5 *460th day*

On the Sea—Armed merchant cruiser H.M.S. "Carnarvon Castle" was in action at long range with heavily armed German raider in South Atlantic. "Carnarvon Castle" was slightly damaged and put into Montevideo for repairs.

Admiralty announced loss while minesweeping of H.M. trawlers "Ethel Taylor," "Amethyst," "Elk," "Calverton," and H.M. drifter "Christmas Rose."

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft attacked chemical factory at Eindhoven, Rotterdam airport, Haamstede aerodrome, and submarine base at Lorient. Night bombing operations were cancelled owing to bad weather.

Home Front—Successive formations of enemy fighters and fighter-bombers which flew over East Kent were scattered by our fighters. Bombs were dropped, causing damage and casualties.

During night South Coast town was heavily bombed. Large fires caused in nurses' home attached to hospital. Extensive damage to houses, shops, and a cinema. London was also raided for short time.

Fourteen enemy aircraft shot down. Two British fighters lost, but pilot of one safe.

Long-range artillery duel across Straits of Dover. R.A.F. bombers flew to attack enemy positions.

Greek War—Greeks occupied Premeti, enemy suffering heavy losses. Greek aircraft heavily bombed enemy colums at Elbasan and in valley of R. Skumbi. To south of Argyrokastro Greeks occupied Libohovo. Italians evacuated Delvino.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6 *461st day*

In the Air—R.A.F. heavily bombed aerodromes in France and Low Countries. Channel ports of Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne were also attacked.

THE POETS & THE WAR

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THE ALLY

By Lord Dunsany

I saw a gaunt shape walking in the snow
When winter came. He lifted up his hand
And said in accents of a king's command,
Heil Hitler! Thousands round him bent them low,
And did not rise again. Some uttered slow
The same words, then were silent. Through that land
I saw him stride, and his tall figure stand
Gazing upon Berlin spread out below.
Then in the streets the voices died away
That called on Hitler, and deep stillness came,
And in the stillness, like a little flame
A new voice rose and gathered strength to say,
Feeble at first, then fierce and still more wild,
Heil Famine! And the gazing monster smiled.

—*Sunday Times*

Home Front—Very little daylight activity. During night a south-western town was heavily attacked, damage being done to a hospital, numerous buildings and roads. Enemy 'planes were also over London, Midlands and Wales.

Greek War—Greeks occupied Santi Quaranta and entered outskirts of Argyrokastro. Further Greek advance made west of Premeti towards Klisura. In north Greek forces said to be advancing along river valleys to Elbasan and Berat.

Another R.A.F. bombing attack made on Valona.

General—Resignation of Marshal Badoglio announced. He was succeeded by General Ugo Cavallero.

SATURDAY, DEC. 7 *462nd day*

On the Sea—Disclosed that H.M.S. "Kelly," flotilla leader, was torpedoed in May off German North Sea coast by an E-boat, but is now back in service.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombers carried out sustained attack on targets in Düsseldorf area. Other objectives bombed included Antwerp, Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, several aerodromes, and naval shipyards and docks at Lorient and Brest.

War against Italy—Attack made on shipping off southern Albanian coast by R.A.F. bombers. Durazzo and Valona were heavily bombed.

R.A.F. bombers made successful raid on Castel Benito, near Tripoli.

Home Front—Enemy air activity was on reduced scale. No raids were made at night.

Two enemy bombers shot down.

Greek War—Italians retreating along coast north of Santi Quaranta. Beyond Premeti Greeks pushing Italians on towards Klisura and Tepelini. On northern front Greeks continued advance towards key towns of Elbasan and Berat.

General—Announced that President Roosevelt had pledged American aid for Greece.

General Cesare de Vecchi, Governor of Dodecanese Islands, dismissed and succeeded by General Ettore Bastico.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8 *463rd day*

On the Sea—Reported from Buenos Aires that H.M. cruiser "Enterprise" was engaging Nazi raider in S. Atlantic.

British cruiser captured German supply ship "Idarwald" off Cuba.

In the Air—R.A.F. renewed attacks on targets in Düsseldorf area. Other forces bombed submarine base at Lorient; shipping and harbour installations at Bordeaux and Brest; ports of Flushing, Dunkirk and Gravelines; and several aerodromes.

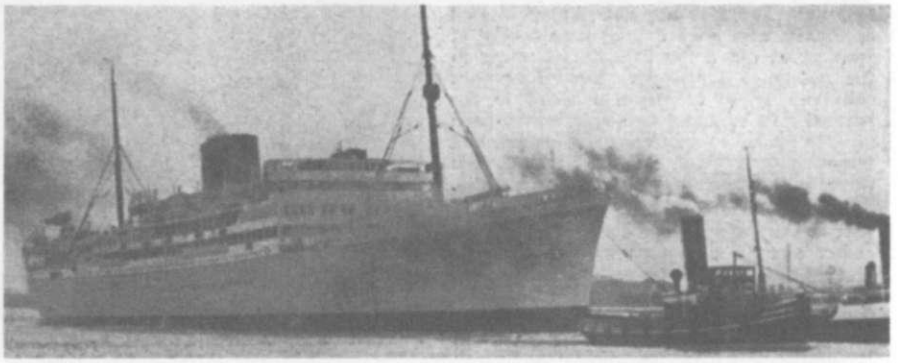
War against Italy—In Western Desert R.A.F. bombers made night attack on Benina aerodrome. In the Sudan British patrols continued extensive activities in Gallabat area.

Home Front—After quiet day London suffered heavy night attack, wave after wave of raiders coming over. Considerable damage resulted from high explosive and incendiary bombs. Seven hospitals, four churches, a convent, three vicarages, two hotels, private houses, A.R.P. posts and shelters were hit, and a number of people killed or seriously injured. Bombs also fell in many districts between London and the south and east coasts, as well as in a few localities in southern England.

Three enemy aircraft shot down.

Greek War—Greeks occupied Argyrokastro and Delvino. Much material seized and many prisoners taken.

Italians reported to be continuously retreating towards Himara, on the coast, from area of Santi Quaranta and that of Argyrokastro.



AUXILIARY CRUISER 'CARNARVON CASTLE,' a vessel of 21,222 tons, was in action on December 5 with a heavily-armed raider in the South Atlantic, north-east of the River Plate estuary. The fight, which lasted 90 minutes, ended with the damaged raider steaming away at high speed. The British ship also sustained damage and put into Montevideo for repairs.

Photo, Topical Press